

THE  
LANDSCAPE.

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—— gratior it Dies,  
*Et soles melius nitent.*

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HORAT.



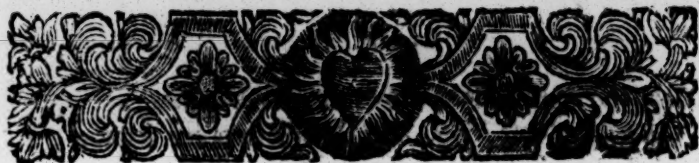
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# THE LANDSCAPE.

**I**N blooming youth and virgin beauty gay,  
The hours, rose-crown'd, lead on the infant  
year ;

Their smiles, with gentle affluence, promise May,  
And the new spring revives the heart of care ;

Emblem of youth and love, with genial force  
Compels half-willing nature to be blest ;  
The rigour sooths of the primæval curse,  
And with abundant warmth inspires her breast.

Methinks, supported by a silver fleece,  
I see the vernal pow'r all bright arise ;  
Encircling splendor, lambent from his face,  
Spreads new effulgence o'er the joyful skies.

Love, at his feet, surveys his store of arms,  
The future bane of many a youth and maid ;  
Spring gives a livelier force to love's alarms,  
Who meditates new conquests by his aid.

On \* him a choir of radiant forms attend ;  
Plenty, with hand benign supplying wants ;  
Pleasure, with heighten'd smile by sense restrain'd,  
And health, whose ruddy cheek fair Virtue paints.

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Not

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\* Spring.



There too harmonious move the virgin nine,  
 Queens of soft song, and fancy's rapture sweet;  
 With her, whose hand directs by art divine  
 The painter's thoughts in blended dyes to meet.

See calm philosophy, serenely blest,  
 With chearful aspect smiles, compos'd and even;  
 Reflection, comrade of the sage's breast,  
 And contemplation, with her eye on Heaven.

Hark! how the spring salutes the smiling dawn,  
 And calls young Phœbus earlier from the East;  
 To taste the fragrance of the dewy lawn,  
 While nature pours her sweets to grace the Feast.

Mean while their notes the warbling band supply,  
 Sweet band! by love's soft pow'r both taught and  
 paid:

The lark, high-tow'ring thro' the vocal sky;  
 The linnet, chantrefs of the lowly mead:

The red-plum'd robin, gentle friend of man;  
 The goldfinch, dress'd by nature's lavish hand;  
 The lonely cuckoo, the aspiring wren,  
 Call'd by the spring, obey the kind command.

Nor let the constant turtle be forgot,  
 Whose plaints the sympathizing bosom move;  
 Who feels the ill-requited lover's lot,  
 And does not sigh to hear the turtle's love?

Thee too, swift herald of the summer's beam,  
 Fleeting as vows, professing woman swears;  
 Soon as I see thee skim the curled stream,  
 My heart attempts to break the yoke it bears.

Hail

Hail spring ! whose smiles the gloom of grief can chear,  
 Make anxious prudence wear the face of folly ;  
 Turn sorrow's edge, and shew acute despair,  
 Transform'd to pleasing, pensive melancholy.

Come, ye dear partners of my lonely hours,  
 Silence and musing thought, and fancy free,  
 My only mistress now ! the rural pow'rs  
 Call us the Landscape of the spring to see.

Hence empty noise ; far hence more empty croud ;  
 Trim sons of fashion, or the sordid race !  
 Of prejudice and vain opinion proud ;  
 Hence, from the silent, unworn paths of peace.

Secure from these, by gentle fancy led,  
 I mount the summit of a pendant hill ;  
 The feather'd spring sings round me as I tread,  
 And scarce admits to hear the distant rill.

Hence I survey th' indented vale below,  
 Silver'd in mazes by the riv'let clear ;  
 While on the banks a thousand Indias blow,  
 The voluntary fragrance of the year.

The tender prim-rose, child of matin dew ;  
 The velvet cowslip, waving in the wind ;  
 Sweet violets, surpassing Tyrian blue,  
 And pale Narcissus, with sad head reclin'd.

Nor is there not the golden crocus there,  
 And lady's smock, unspotted as a maid ;  
 The past'ral daffodil, and wood-bine fair ;  
 And carpet daisies, o'er the meadow spread.

Now

Now am'rous Zephyr sighs in rich perfumes,  
 Flora his vows in hawthorn bow'rs receives,  
 While lost in joy he trembles o'er the blooms,  
 And each complying flower spreads its leaves.

These nature yields to deck the rural fair,  
 Or wreath in garlands sacred to the May ;  
 The nymph as sweet, who binds with these her hair,  
 And, who the garland bears, the youth as gay.

Not such th' unwilling garden's foppish growth,  
 Gaudy from dung and forc'd to be mature ;  
 These know no gard'ner but the kindly south,  
 Alike from art, from toil, from av'rice pure.

So the uncourtly nymph, with native grace  
 And charms unborrow'd, can create desire  
 Sooner than she, whose blush-diffembling face,  
 Tho' rob'd in gold, but kindles painted fire.

While thus I moralize the rustic song,  
 Another object calls me from my theme,  
 To where the prat'ling riv'let steals along,  
 And dimpling smiles at Sol's reflected beam.

Near this I view, (amid surrounding trees,  
 The rev'rend rook's abode) a pile appear,  
 Which nodding o'er the stream it's turrets sees  
 Dance on the wave, ascending downward there.

The frowns of time infurrow deep it's walls,  
 Whilom the feat of mirth and soeial joys ;  
 All round insinuating ivy crawls,  
 And, statesman like, it's patron's strength destroys.

Here



Here as I muse, inspir'd with sacred awe,  
 Methinks I see the pomp of antient knights,  
 Whose souls, devoid of all but honour's law,  
 Knew not to call the pranks of vice, delights.

Their healthful Dames, to merit only kind,  
 Join'd splendid in the stately masque secure ;  
 Where not a thought to ribaldry inclin'd ;  
 No glowing cheek confest a blush impure.

Methinks I hear the trumpet's silver found,  
 Which calls the warriors, arm'd in beauty's cause ;  
 While mimick gods, invok'd, descend around,  
 And harmony demands and gives applause.

Or else \* instruction clad in mystic lays,  
 Gives sense a form, and makes sage prudence plead :  
 Tho' pleasure's pow'r deludes a thousand ways,  
 Virtue, in vain oppress'd, exalts her head.

Then the sweet numbers tune the raptur'd soul,  
 And † Laws and Milton join their sacred arts ;  
 Unlike the modern, midnight revel foul,  
 Where pageant folly draws unthinking hearts.

Still o'er the halls, if rural fame be true,  
 When moonlight gleams the solemn dusk pervade,  
 The dapper fairies dance, a joyous crew !  
 And pace with many a round the silent shade.

In antique guise array'd, they court their dames,  
 Trip o'er the field, and up the wood-land stray ;  
 Or feast on mossy banks, where darkling streams  
 Flow murmur'ing on, impatient for the day.

But

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\* See Comus and many others of the same nature.

† A famous composer in King Charles the First's reign.

But when the cock his morning song essays,  
 And now the dappled dawn contends with night;  
 Quick to mid air, where meteors faintly blaze,  
 They fly and lose their subtle forms in light.

Their footsteps, in my morning walk, I trace  
 Where the short herb a smoother verdure yields;  
 In glist'ning circles, o'er the varnish'd grass,  
 Till noon-day Phœbus dries the moist'ned fields.

My eager eye thence all around I feast,  
 From the pale Willow bending o'er the flood,  
 To where white torrents pour with frothy haste,  
 Or fullen wander thro' th' embowring wood.

Far in blue distance, fainter mountains rise,  
 Loft in the clouds, and scarce distinct to fight;  
 While various colours tinge the orient skies,  
 Here purple fleeces, there an azure bright.

A thousand dyes, a thousand varied shapes,  
 Cloathe the embroider'd clouds with nameless hues,  
 Yet this unheeded, ev'ry eye escapes,  
 Unless a poet or a painter views.

O happy arts! who ev'ry charm improve,  
 That nature shews to glad the human breast;  
 'Tis yours, the latent springs of joy to move,  
 And teach the mind from trifles to be blest!

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